

FLIGHT IS POSSIBLE

Possibility of Over-Sea Voyage Pointed Out.

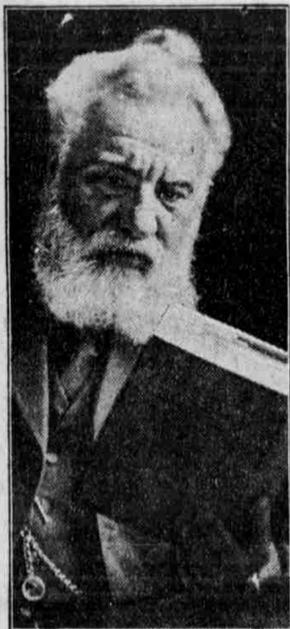
Dr. Bell in Communication to National Geographic Society Says Trip in Heavier-Than-Air Machine in 13 Hours is Feasible.

Washington.—The possibility of a trans-Atlantic ocean flight in a heavier-than-air machine in 13 hours is pointed out in a communication to the National Geographic society at Washington from Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone and former president of the society.

"The distance from Newfoundland to Ireland is less than two thousand miles," says Doctor Bell. "This means that if you go at 100 miles an hour you will cross the Atlantic in 20 hours—less than a day. We have flying machines that go at a greater speed than that. We already have machines that could cross the ocean if their engines can keep going for 20 hours. Of course, these are exceptional machines, but even the ordinary machines of today make 50 miles an hour with ease.

"Now, a flying machine flies faster as you go higher up, because the rarer air offers less resistance to the motion, while the propeller gives the same push with the same power, whatever the elevation. As you get into the rarer air the propeller spins around faster. A 50-mile-an-hour machine flying two miles high in the air—and we have machines that have gone twice as high as that—will fly much faster than 50 miles an hour. Then at an elevation of two miles high in the air there is a constant wind blowing in the general direction of Europe having a velocity anywhere from twenty-five to fifty miles an hour.

"As a net result of all these things, there can be little doubt that any ordinary machine that is able to support itself in the air at an elevation



Dr. Alexander Graham Bell.

of two miles high will attain a speed of at least one hundred miles an hour in the direction of Europe, and that means going from America to Europe in a single day. Calculation shows that, taking all these circumstances into consideration, our best machines should be able to cross the Atlantic in 13 hours. I hardly dare say it aloud for publication. It is sufficient startling to know that it is not only possible, but probable, that the passage may be made in a single day. But if, as I imagine, it can be done in 13 hours, you may take an early breakfast in Newfoundland and a late dinner in Ireland the same night."

PLEDGES IN PARIS PAWNSHOP

Municipal Uncle Secured by False Teeth, Dog Collars and Official Scarf.

Paris.—The Mont de Piete, or pawnbroker's shop, is in France an official institution, instead of being operated for private gain. Every month the Paris municipal council publishes a detailed report dealing with the workings of the establishments under its control, and as these documents are compiled with much exactness, they often make amusing reading.

The latest report indicates the extraordinary variety of articles pledged with the municipal "uncle." During the month three people deposited complete sets of false teeth, and nine parted temporarily with what are officially registered as "partial dentures." The Mont de Piete received twenty-seven Jesuites, from which it must not be imagined that ecclesiastics can be left in pawn, since the term is slang for a dog's collar. Similarly the mart, which figures on the official list, was not a husband, but a tool used by engravers.

Another article pledged was the official scarf worn by a deputy. But the most extraordinary item is undoubtedly "two operating tables." It would be of some interest to know the reasons for their presence.

PLANNING NEW ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION



Sir Ernest Shackleton has appointed Frank Wild as second in command of the new Imperial transantarctic expedition which starts from Buenos Aires early in October. The photograph shows Sir Ernest (right), with Mr. Wild, busy on some plans at the office of the expedition.

SEEK HUNTER'S AID

U. S. Forest Service's Unique Plan Against Forest Fires.

Takes Up With Manufacturers of Firearms and Ammunition Scheme by Which Purchasers Will Be Reminded of Fire Danger.

(From the Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture.)

Washington.—Because of the fact that many forest fires are set through the carelessness of hunters, campers and others who go into the woods for recreation, the forest service has taken up with manufacturers of firearms and ammunition the question of a co-operative arrangement through which purchasers and users of guns and cartridges shall be reminded of the fire danger.

It has been pointed out that in the lumber regions of the Northwest, for example, manufacturers and other business men have been having printed or stamped on their stationery and pay checks various crisp, catchy statements about the loss which the public suffers through the decreased demand for labor and decreased money in circulation if timber, which is the source of many of the Northwest's industries, is burned up.

It has also been pointed out that in the East particularly many forest fires are started by the carelessness of hunters, who drop burning matches, cigar or cigarette stumps, or pipe coals in the woods, or perhaps build a fire which is left burning when the hunter goes on. Forest fires of course greatly injure the interests of sportsmen by robbing the birds of their proper cover. They also impair the food supply of both birds and big game, through the destruction of the undergrowth which furnishes browse, berries and other food.

The eastern woods are exposed to the danger from fires principally in the spring and fall, when most of the trees are bare and the leaves on the ground are dry. The spring fires, many of which are due to trout fishermen, may destroy the eggs of game birds and even the young birds themselves. Since trout fishermen are likely to hunt in the fall, the same individuals, if careless, may be a source of danger at both seasons.

It is suggested that the manufacturers of arms and ammunition ought to be sufficiently interested in the matter of perpetuation of game to be willing to help in the campaign against forest fires. This help may come through the printing of some brief fire warning on cartridge boxes or some slip to go with any hunting or camping supplies which are furnished. Several manufacturers have already expressed their interest in the matter and their willingness to help.

VACATION FOR HIS HORSE

Kansas City Real Estate Man Works His Steed Only Eight Months a Year.

Kansas City.—Four months out of every year are play months for Gypsy, a twenty-year-old mare owned by Frank D. Parsons, a Kansas City real estate dealer, according to the Kansas City Star. Mr. Parsons has owned Gypsy fifteen years and he says her faithfulness merits the best treatment he can give her.

Gypsy stands without hitching. She never complains, and is always ready for work, and, despite her twenty years, is in rugged health. December 1 every year Mr. Parsons has Gypsy's shoes removed, and she is allowed to rest four months. She has a diet of rolled oats and alfalfa. A box stall is her sleeping place and she has a big lot to romp in if she is so disposed.

"I am often asked how I keep her looking so well when she is so old," Mr. Parsons said the other day. "It's because of the humane treatment she receives. Gypsy has pulled my buggy many years and she earns a yearly vacation. She rests all winter, and in the hot summer days she has leisure besides. If the day is hot I'd rather

take a street car than hitch her up. Last week I had her in harness only one day and she loafed in the shade the rest of the time.

"The flies never bother Gypsy in the summer because I spray her twice a day with a preparation that keeps off the pests and she will stand all day without tossing her head or stamping. The hard pavement never hurts her feet, either, because she has a piece of sole leather next to her hoofs and the shoes are nailed on the leather. She hasn't had a sick day in years and she never falls me.

"Some day she is going to be too old to pull me around and then she is not going to get a bullet or be sent to the dinky market. I am going to give her freedom some day and let her close her days in some pleasant pasture. A horse will work without food until it drops. It never complains and it puts all its trust in its master. A man who wouldn't treat his horse right wouldn't treat his family right."

FRESH BEEF KEPT 18 YEARS

Oldest Joint of Meat in World on View at a Leadhall Market in London.

London.—In Leadhall Market the oldest joint of meat in the world was on view recently. It is eighteen years since it ceased to be bullock and became beef, and its preservation is regarded by experts as a record in cold storage.

A hindquarter of frozen beef was shipped from Brisbane in February, 1896, and sold to Willis & Co., Ltd., military contractors, of Malta. The latter, as an experiment, kept it in cold storage till a few months ago, when it was brought to London. For eighteen years it has been in a temperature of 10 or 15 degrees Fahrenheit.

Before the joint left Malta a portion was cooked and eaten—without disastrous effects. Now, as a French scientist has declared that meat more than a year old is full of poison, it is to be carefully analyzed.

The average age of frozen meat sold in London is two or three months, and the oldest frozen meat hitherto known to the trade is said to be two years. It was suggested in the trade that if meat can be kept eighteen years or longer it might be possible to keep huge stores in this country as a food supply in time of war.

But the idea seems to have wider and yet more interesting possibilities. If meat can be stored indefinitely, it may be possible to preserve the products of exceptionally good years for the use of connoisseurs. "Vintage years" will have their meaning in the meat trade as they have in the wine trade. You will call for meat of a particular year, as the wine lover now calls for his 1904 champagne, and the wealthy man, desiring to give his friends a treat, will beg them to try "this priceless old beef."

DIES AS SHE INHALES SMOKE

Colored Woman of Wilmington, Del., Pitches Forward in Chair, Strangled by Cigarette.

Wilmington, Del.—Sitting in her home at 24 Klund street, smoking a cigarette and talking to Special Officers Green and Harris, who had stopped to get some evidence in a case from her, Della Rich, colored, aged 33, took a long puff, and, by inhaling the smoke, strangled in trying to exhale it.

Adjourn Court to Laugh

Chicago.—J. D. Kaiser, a witness, told such a droll story regarding a new business trick in Judge Landis' court that the judge was compelled to adjourn for several minutes to let the bench, bar, jurors and spectators have their laugh out.

Didn't Think Much of Envoy

Champaign, Ill.—"Who's Bernstorff?" asked Michael Murphy, the merchant-policeman, who shot at an automobile occupied by Count von Bernstorff, German ambassador, when called before Mayor Dobbins to explain his act.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

President Wilson Orders Lower Speed for Autos

WASHINGTON.—There is sorrow in the White House garage. Two mighty touring cars and a landaulet have been brought to a state of watchful waiting. There is an embargo on speed which will not be lifted. Four chauffeurs—any one of whom can pass within an inch of a given object while running at 50 miles an hour—are constantly on watch lest the speedometers start to climb on them.

About the only person in the garage who is happy is the automobile washer, who has figured it out that the slower automobiles run the less dirt they accumulate.

Ever since a presidential automobile the White House machines have been passed by about everything on the road. Recently one of those runabouts (the type that sounds like a lawn mower and travels with a limp) actually went ahead of the big seven-passenger car which President Wilson affects.

The cause of the sorrow is manifest. The engines in the White House cars are of the latest type, and can, without an effort, run the machine up to 50 miles an hour. And on the road it is extremely difficult to gauge speed unless one's eye is constantly on the speedometer.

President Wilson has always insisted that the cars in which he rides be run slowly. But occasionally when his friends are taken out for a little spin the chauffeur has been inclined to open the throttle and let things whoop. Besides the automobile washer, there are others in the White House who feel a certain relief. They are the secret service men.

When President Taft was in office his favorite recreation was a high-powered automobile. Coming to a quiet little stretch of road, the former president was not averse to having the high speed touched up a little. Colonel Roosevelt was also fond of speed.

Sleigh's Bells Give Shivers to the Gaudily Clad

IT WAS at noon on G street when the jingling bells of a sleigh were heard. A large, perspiring, spluttering fat man suspended his palm leaf fan in mid-air. "The doctor told me to cut it down to two these hot days. I didn't; now I am hearing things," he muttered.

Another jingle, in frosty accents. A willow maid, exceedingly sumnerish and diaphanous as to her gown, pulled her gauzy skirts close about her and was seen to shiver.

And still they jingled. Temperature, 98 in the shade.

A puffing lady, of generous girth, plumped down her market basket on the pliant asphalt and felt her pulse.

Traffic was suspended, passing horses sniffed the air, and Doctor Cook's press agent came running up from a nearby hotel to see whether some other intrepid explorer had put another one across on his employer.

"Going, going, gone. At twenty. And it's a bargain at that."

The raucous voice of the auctioneer explained the greatest natural phenomenon Washington has witnessed for many moons.

The fat man dashed back through the swinging doors for another bracer. And the crowd, with sheepish expressions, melted away as only a crowd and a penny vanilla "snowball" can melt on a sweltering June day.

"That's the hottest job I've had this week," plaintively wailed the auctioneer, as he wiped a seeping sleeve across his briny brow.

"If any more uptown folk want to raise cash for a trip to Newport by selling their last year's double-runner, two-seated, low-set, steel-shod, single or tandem—

"Gee, I'll be doing that in my sleep tonight. Say, did you ever try to sell a sleigh with the thermometer at 98 in the shade?"

Oscar Baun bought it. He says he wants it for an investment.

Birds Use Bubble Fountain as a Bathing Place

THE English sparrow is the quickest of all the feathered tribe to adapt itself to the advances of science and civilization. This is frequently proved to the consternation of biologists and many lovers of the beautiful.

The most striking instance of this adaptivity was recently proved to a group of laymen who gathered by the little triangular park in front of the Munsey building, that has recently been landscaped-gardened into architectural elegance.

The sycamores along the avenue side of the park, and its cool shrubbery are favorite gathering places for the sparrow. Before the Pulaski statue was erected, the sparrows disported themselves in the cool water of an open fountain. Some lovers of bird and animal life wondered what these sparrows did for a drink and a bath after the fountain was torn up. Apparently there was no water in sight.

Some time ago a drinking fountain of the bubbling type was installed. For weeks and even months the sparrows paid but little attention. One or two audacious fellows eyed the bubbling stream at close range, but could find no standing water.

In the heat of noontime the other day, one of the boldest and noisiest of a twittering group, solved the problem. He lit on the outer edge of the fountain, cocked his dark brown head and eyed the stream. One or two pedestrians stopped to watch. Others gathered. Finally Mr. Sparrow thrust his bill into the stream with a quick darting motion. Nothing happened, and he tried it again. Finally he let it rest in the stream, and withdrawing it only to throw back his head, drank his fill. Contented he eyed his surroundings while an admiring throng applauded his perspicacity.

Suddenly seized of a new notion he fluttered through the stream to the other side. He repeated this feat several times, and many sparrows, quick to learn, were soon using the drinking fountain in approved style.

He Got His Money's Worth of Conversation

"DO YOU swear," said the marriage license clerk light-heartedly, "that the statements herein given are the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God one dollar please?"

The young man with the large, expressive hands, the trembling knees and the huge, awkward feet, dug feebly into his pocket and produced the sum of money required. There was something so red-faced and apologetically rabbitlike in the way he did it that one almost expected to see him flap his ears. But he didn't.

"Wish you all the luck in the world," said the marriage license clerk, evidently desirous of making the agitated young man feel at peace.

The tall awkward young man scratched himself violently.

"Where's a preacher?" he demanded abruptly.

The marriage license clerk waved a hand toward the city directory.

"Take your pick," he urged. "There are all kinds in the city. Also plenty of justices of the peace—if you want them."

"I want a Baptist," said the tall young man stubbornly. "I come from Powhicket, W. Va. And I kinder eloped here for the fun of seein' the city while I was gettin' married. And—"

"I found one!" he announced triumphantly. And then he continued the brief sketch of his life. He was a young man with a wide range of interests. And having paid a whole dollar for a bit of paper, he made up his mind that he would get his money's worth of conversation.



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SICK? TIRED? WEAK?

If this describes your present condition you should immediately get a bottle of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It will help Nature overcome all Stomach, Liver and Bowel ills, restore the appetite, promote health and vigor.

HOW HE TURNED THE TRICK

After This, Mr. Mordecai Hammerfest Must Be Credited With Knowing a Thing or Two.

Mrs. Mordecai Hammerfest turned pale as her husband entered the dining room for breakfast.

"Mordy!" she gasped. "Do you—don't you feel well?"

"Perfectly," he replied in seeming surprise.

"But—but, you are in your—your underduds!"

"Tell me something I don't know. Pass the butter, please," said Mr. Hammerfest.

She passed the butter, remarking nervously, "But, Mordy, dear, as you came in I saw you didn't have any shoes on."

"Well, what of it. Your hair is in curl papers, isn't it?"

"Why—y-yes."

"And you have on a wrapper, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then."

And he went on eating his breakfast in silence except when he asked her to pass the butter. Then he went upstairs and finished dressing, and the next morning and on succeeding mornings she reported for breakfast in regular clothes.

Ingenious Smuggling Device.

A museum of criminology has been founded in Paris by M. Charles Perchard, formerly chief of the police Anarchist brigade. Among its curious contents are a hollow wax baby which was used to smuggle brandy into Paris. A woman carried a baby into the city every day, but as it never grew any bigger the authorities examined it and discovered the fraud.

Going Him One Better.

An English bishop, offering an orange to a little child, remarked, sweetly:

"Now, my little man, I shall give you this orange if you tell me where God is."

"My lord," answered the child, son of a clergyman, "I'll give you two oranges if you'll tell me where he is not."

Rotation of Tools.

"Your garden will be late."

"I'm afraid so; but you see the Bradleys are still using Poisson's spade and hoe."—Boston Transcript.

The amateur poet is going some when he earns enough money with his pen to pay for the ink.

And many gems of thought turn out to be paste.

Keep Cool and Comfortable

Don't spend so much of your time cooking during hot weather; and your family will be healthier without the heavy cooked foods.

Give them

Post Toasties

They're light and easily digested and yet nourishing and satisfying. No bother in preparation—just pour from the package and add cream and sugar—or they're mighty good with fresh berries or fruit.

"The Memory Lingers"

